

CANDOUR

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A.K. Chesterton
1953

*To serve as a link between Britons all over the world in protest against the surrender of
their world heritage*

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The deaths of Richard Everitt and
Stephen Lawrence:

COMPARE & CONTRAST

By Robert Henderson

4/1/12

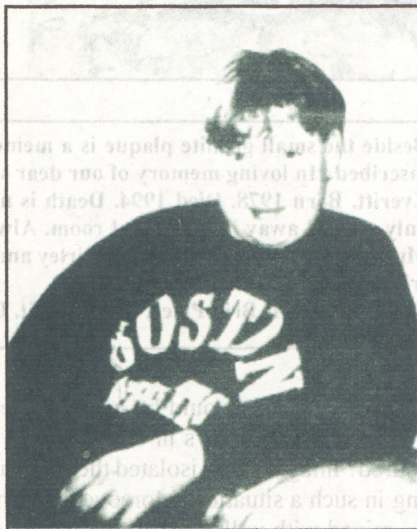
(<http://englandcalling.wordpress.com>)

The death of Richard Everitt (see below) is an article I wrote in 1994. Compare and contrast the elite response to his death and that of Stephen Lawrence.

**Richard
Everitt**

**Murdered
by Asian
Gang**

**13th August
1994**



Richard was knifed to death by an Asian gang approximately 300 yards from my front door. The gang was large with perhaps as many as 15 members. The gang was known as the Drummond Street Posse and had gone out that night specifically looking for a "white boy" to attack because they felt they had been "wronged" by a white boy.

The gang were arrested the same night for a separate incident and blood was found on 19-year-old Badrul Miah. This turned out to be a match for that of Richard. Miah, later boasted that he had "stabbed up some white boy".

After nine months the police had arrested eleven people in connection with the murder. The eleven dropped to six and

after a committal hearing the number fell to three. Eventually only two came to trial, Badrul Miah and Showkat Akbar. Akbar was found guilty of violent disorder and sentenced to three years, of which he served 18 months. Miah was sentenced to life but let out on licence after eleven years despite the trial judge describing it as an unprovoked racist attack.

The parents of Richard suffered beyond the loss of their child: "After the trial Mandy and Norman tried to move on but were the victims of threats and racial abuse. They had to leave the home where they raised their children and move out of London to Essex."

Those are the bare facts of the Everitt murder. Compare the elite response to his murder with their response to that of Stephen Lawrence:

1. Only one person was convicted of the murder even though all were guilty because of the legal principle of joint enterprise.
2. There has been no media campaign to bring the others to justice.
3. There has been no public inquiry into Richard's murder.
4. The one person convicted of Richard's murder was released after 11 years without any media or political uproar.
5. There has been no concerted media campaign stretching over nearly two decades to bring the others in the gang to justice.
6. Unlike the Lawrence case where the Daily Mail accused the five suspects of murder in 1997, no representative of the national press or broadcasters called any other member of the gang which murdered Richard a murderer.
7. The gang members who attacked Richard were older than those accused of attacking Stephen Lawrence.
8. Unlike the Lawrence murder, British politicians from the word go not only refused to adopt the tone of moral outrage which they routinely do when the death of Stephen Lawrence is discussed, but actively tried to play down the racist aspect. Considerable pressure was put on Richard's parents at the time to go along with the usual Maoist PC line that they were not racist and so on. The local MP, Frank Dobson, was most notable for his near silence.

It is often said these days that the grip political correctness has on British society is much worse than it was. It is true that the absurdities get ever greater as the politically correct compete to be the purest ideologue, but, as the Everitt case shows, in really important matters such as the administration of justice it was already solidly entrenched two decades ago.

**EQUAL RIGHTS FOR
WHITES!**

THE DEATH OF RICHARD EVERITT

By Robert Henderson
(This article was written in 1994)

The various mass media and political responses to the murder of Richard Everitt in Somers Town on 14th August is evidence of a fundamental rottenness in public life, namely a stubborn refusal to address the legitimate concerns of the white population about the effects of Asian and black settlement in Britain. More particularly, it shows the profound contempt with which the white working class in heavily settled immigrant areas has come to be viewed by those with power and influence, who see them as at best an expendable nuisance and at worst as a positive evil.

Comment by politicians and the media about Richard's death has been extremely muted. Moreover, the main thrusts of the few statements that have been made have concentrated on the dangers of reprisals against Asians and previous attacks on Asians. Sincere expressions of anger or regret by public figures for the death of this white working class boy are notable by their absence. Concern for the predicament of the white working class, who form the native population of the area, has been entirely absent. The contrast with the media and political response to the death of, for example, Stephen Lawrence is startling. Where are the broadsheet editorials? Where the anguished protestations of horror from all political parties? Where the calls from pressure groups for laws to prevent racist attacks? Where the Home Secretary visiting the area to express his horror? Nowhere, that is where.

The coverage of the *Daily* and *Sunday Telegraphs* illustrates vividly the extent to which double standards are applied in the reporting of violent attacks that may have a racist motive. Here are the two broadsheet newspapers which are reputedly the most Tory, the most nationalists, the most sympathetic to native British interests. Yet the *Daily Telegraph* carried only three news reports about the murder, the second of which - only two days after the death - appeared on page 7. All three reports fit comfortably onto a sheet of paper little larger than a side of A4. None of the reports contains any comment. *The Daily Telegraph* has printed no letters, articles or leaders on the subject. It has, in fact, made no comment on the matter.

The Sunday Telegraph has carried a single piece written by an Asian, Amit Roy. (Again there have been no letters or leaders). The article's headline gives its flavour. What could it be? "The tragedy of Richard Everitt?" "The plight of the white working class?" No, my naive friends of course it was not. *The Sunday Telegraph* decided that the appropriate headline was 'Asian victims learn to strike back'. Grossly provocative would seem an apt description.

In the article Mr. Roy's primary concerns are to (1) paint the Asians as the real victims and (2) issue oblique threats of further Asian violence through the device of bruiting the names and "hardness" of various Asian gangs.

Mr. Roy does not, of course, say he approves of such behaviour but then he does not need to, the headline and the general tone of the article ensure that the reader gets the message. As for Richard Everitt, well, Mr. Roy very generously says that he 'appears to have been innocent of any kind of racist behaviour'. Would it have made any difference if he had been? Would Mr. Roy then have thought the murder acceptable? I would not wish to bet against it. As for the BBC, they thought the matter was of such little importance that it merited, the day after the killing, no more than two minutes at the end of the Radio 4 programme 'The World at One'.

I live very close to where Richard died. I can tell you that such a tragedy is unsurprising. The area is a poisonous racial brew in which the Bengalis are merely the most toxic ingredient. The reality of mixed populations is directly contrary to the liberal fantasy of peaceful multiculturalism. Coloured immigrants actively resist integration and where, as in the case of the Bengalis, they form a sizable population they are not even circumspect in their behaviour towards other racial groups. Hence the Bengali gangs. Hence the regular police presence, prior to his death, outside Richard's school. Hence the harassment of elderly whites by Bengali gangs. Hence the constant air of tension which pervades the area.

The truth of the matter is that the English white working class has to bear the consequences of the liberal establishment's enthusiasm for multiculturalism, while the liberal establishment avoids the consequences by making damn sure that they either live far away or by forming self-contained colonies on the edges of immigrant areas, which device allows them to further inflate their already monumental smugness by claiming that "I live in Hackney" when they effectively live in Islington or "I live in Notting Hill" simply because their address happens to be one street away from Bayswater.



(Inscription)

In loving memory
of Richard
Norman Everitt
Born 6 - 12 - 78
Died 13 - 8 - 94

Not to be
forgotten

Beside the small granite plaque is a memorial bench which is inscribed "In loving memory of our dear son Richard Norman Everitt. Born 1978. Died 1994. Death is nothing at all. I have only slipped away into the next room. Always with us darling. Mummy. Daddy. Daniel. Lucy. Shirley and all your family and friends."

(Location: NW1, Brill Place, Purchase St. Open Space.)

How many liberals would be happy to send their children to a school such as Richard's in which all but two of his class were coloured? Imagine how isolated the boy must have felt simply by being in such a situation. Moreover, the children Richard would have mixed with will not be the products of middle class, westernised immigrants, but, in the main, the children of backward Bengali peasants who speak little or no English and whose primary desire is to prevent their children becoming westernised.

The government of 18th Century Britain has been memorably described as 'aristocracy tempered by rioting'. That, in fact, is a good description of the inherent circumstances of any form of government. Unless the political class addresses the problem of race honestly, they will be most assuredly "tempered". No people will tolerate for ever a ruling class which so cravenly acts against their interests.

Truth = Candour

CAMPAIGNING FOR WHITE INTERESTS IN BRITISH AFRICA

By PRO PATRIA

PRO PATRIA was the pen name of Dr. Kevan Bleach who died a week after dispatching to *Candour* the following article. (For a short obituary please see *Candour Extra*).

An issue against which the League of Empire Loyalists campaigned with recurring passion in the late 1950's and early '60's was the granting of independence to British colonial possessions in Africa. From the time that the first steps towards de-colonisation were taken in West Africa, the League dismissed 'African nationalism' as a *cliche* with little basis in reality. The so-called liberation movement was correctly perceived as an unscrupulous means of undermining tribal authority in order to secure personal power and prestige for a group of 'slick African demagogues'. They sustained the illusion of a general ferment on the part of the native population by playing on grievances, whether genuine or more often manufactured, and often dependent on the support of left-wing British politicians.

A. K. Chesterton described himself as 'an old African hand' and believed that he had developed over the decades an intimate knowledge of the continent and its peoples. Left to themselves, he maintained, ordinary Africans possessed little desire for self-government or independence. Such ideas meant 'as little to their minds as does the Quantum Theory to the minds of monkeys'. Puzzled and alarmed by the 'wind of change' that the traitorous Harold Macmillan claimed was blowing across the continent, Chesterton attributed it to a 'mysterious and quite fantastic collapse of European morale... a reeking run-to-seed liberalism', as well as 'intensive international pressures' from the United States. His incredulity is not beyond understanding: that the Conservative Party should have turned its back on Africa was something so improbable that it would have been impossible to predict a few years earlier.

Trendy demographic arguments that the sheer weight of African numbers in the colonies, compared with the European minorities, made it impossible to maintain White rule cut no ice with Chesterton. Europeans had managed to establish themselves in Africa because the natives 'instinctively accepted their leadership'. Whether or not they remained there depended on their determined willingness to continue exercising that leadership by retaining a colour bar and renouncing the perils of multi-racialism and integration. Without the 'skills, courage and initiative' of the Europeans, Africa would be a 'shambles'. Instances of corruption or despotism in those African states already granted independence were regularly chronicled in *Candour*. Apart from Edward Martell's short-lived *New Daily*, *Candour* was the only British periodical to publish full details of the Mau Mau oaths. (Send £2.00 to AKC Trust for a copy).

Chesterton carried the League's message into British Africa a number of times, latterly having to winter in South Africa because of his tendency to suffer severe bouts of bronchitis. His

most successful tour was in June and July 1957. Southern Rhodesian Loyalists (the LEL was an Empire-wide movement, establishing branches as far afield as Africa, Australia, New Zealand and Canada) raised funds for the tour so that he and Leslie Greene could explain personally the League's aims and work to settlers in Kenya and the Central African Federation.

He was received in Salisbury as a VIP, being accorded long interviews and meetings with the Federation's Acting Governor, Southern Rhodesia's Governor and the Mayor of Salisbury. Seven public meetings were addressed at which Chesterton attacked 'sinister American influences' threatening to undermine the Empire and then appealed for settlers to give the League their wholehearted support.

By far the liveliest activity was a debate with Colonel David Stirling of the multi-racialist Capricorn African Society. The subject, inevitably, was the consequences of majority rule for British Africa, which Chesterton predicted would result in a 'reversion to barbarism' because Europeans and African 'have followed totally different lines of development because of inherently different psychological patterns'. Having heard both sides speak, the audience upheld Chesterton's motion by a resounding majority of 278 votes to 191.

A LEL branch was quickly formed in Salisbury, as was another in Lusaka when Chesterton and Greene visited Northern Rhodesia (now named Zambia). But it was in Kenya where they received their warmest reception. Five to six hundred Whites attended the League meeting in Nairobi, and elsewhere eight new branches sprang up. Major Peter Roberts, Chairman of Kenya's Federal Independence Party, became the colony's Loyalist leader.

Chesterton attributed the settlers' enthusiastic response to their being 'no sucklers of the welfare state'. Their initiative arose from their dependence for their livelihood on their own skills, courage and powers of leadership. A sadly less robust attitude was encountered among English-speaking South Africans during Chesterton's subsequent travels when only three League branches emerged, in Transvaal, Natal and the Cape.

The optimism and successes witnessed in Central Africa were short-lived, however. Within a year, Major Roberts incurred Chesterton's wrath for toying with acceptance of a multi-racial constitution for Kenya. Further sharp criticism appeared in 1960 when he supported opening the White Highlands to African settlement, which led to Roberts' resignation. By 1958, in fact, the Kenyan LEL seems to have all but folded, as Chesterton was already lamenting the lack of a 'countrywide European resistance movement' to fight the agitator Tom Mboya's demands for an African rule. A 'willingness to compromise', he believed, had led to its disintegration. How often were we to hear that scenario repeated time and time again in the betrayal of British interests in our former colonial territories and possessions?

'Home Rule for Mau Mau'

Once the 1959 British general election was over, Chesterton wintered in South Africa. Recurring bouts of bronchitis and the killing pace of a fifteen-hour day had taken an inevitable toll on his health. Then in February and March 1960, he made a speaking tour of Australia and New Zealand. League activities at home continued with undiminished panache under the direction of Austen Brooks and Aidan Mackey. As the Kenya constitutional conference opened at Lancaster House, for instance, who should step out of a taxi but two witchdoctors in full regalia, including masks and head dresses, and carrying a placard reading "Witchdoctors Demand Home Rule for Mau Mau".

Loyalist feelings reached a similar intensity when Jomo Kenyatta visited Britain in November 1961 for talks at the Colonial Office. His release from detention - he was, after all, the convicted manager of the obscene terrorist Mau Mau - earlier in the year had resulted in a petition to the Queen.

(The League often petitioned the Queen in response to an entitlement embodied in the 1688 Bill of Rights. If royal servants in the Queen's name did some wrong, appeal could be made to the Monarch as the source of that authority. By the mid-twentieth century, it had become a futile gesture, as all petitions were passed automatically to the appropriate Government lackey.)

Nonetheless, a bag of goat's entrails were deposited on the doorstep of Colonial Secretary Ian Macleod - a reference to one of the items used in Mau Mau's oath-taking ceremony. League teams were active throughout the actual visit. The Colonial Office was painted with the slogan 'Mau Mau HQ' and 'Hang Kenyatta', and a guy of the African 'leader' was paraded up and down outside his hotel before being burned at the site of Tyburn Tree.

Uncharacteristically for the non-violent - but understandable in the extreme circumstances of provocation - a number of physical assaults were made on Kenyatta. Wing Commander Leonard Young (pictured below) penetrated a press conference to hurl a parcel of sheep's entrails at him. At another press call, brave young Avril Walters struck him in the face, while outside the Colonial Office Derek Johnson scored a direct hit with a rotten egg! It was the culmination of several days of careful planning and brave enterprise.



The League of Empire Loyalists in Action 1961

(Original article appeared in CANDOUR, 17th November, 1961)

Kenyatta "Triumph" Foiled

LOYALISTS TURN V.I.P. TREATMENT INTO IGNOMINY

ANY hopes that Jomo Kenyatta, the criminal convicted for managing the vile Mau Mau conspiracy, may have entertained of turning his self-arranged visit to London into a triumphal progress were frustrated last week by a series of dramatic demonstrations by Empire Loyalists.

The climax to these demonstrations came at a Press conference held by Kenyatta on Friday afternoon, when Wing-Commander Leonard Young, despite increasingly tight security measures, threw a parcel of sheep's entrails at the Mau Mau leader, shouting: "Take that from the League of Empire Loyalists" and "You and your Mau Mau oaths". This was the second time within forty-eight hours that Kenyatta had flinched at the cry of "Take that from the League of Empire Loyalists". He had heard the same cry at a similar Press conference on Wednesday, when Miss Avril Walters, although "spotted" by two members of the Special Branch, was able to strike the creature in the face with her gloved hand.



Derek Johnson (left), Paul Davidson, and Avril Walters with the "guy" of Kenyatta

DIRECT HIT WITH EGG

Earlier that same day, Mr. Paul Davidson had scored a direct hit with an egg as Kenyatta arrived at the Colonial Office for talks with Mr. Reginald Maudling, shouting: "The League of Empire Loyalists condemns the Government for shaking hands with murder by negotiating with the Mau Mau mass murderer Kenyatta." Another - and an - older egg was thrown at Kenyatta as he was leaving the Colonial Office after Wednesday morning's talks, *The Times* later reporting:

"Derek Howard Johnson, self-employed record dealer, of Queenstown Road, Battersea, S.W., who was said to have thrown an egg at Mr. Jomo Kenyatta on Wednesday, was fined £5 at Bow Street Magistrates' Court for using insulting behaviour which might have caused a breach of the peace. He said that

he pleaded Guilty 'with provocation'. Johnson said in court: 'I am a member of the League of Empire Loyalists, and we feel it is impossible to insult Jomo Kenyatta and it is more of an insult to the Crown that such a man should be permitted to come here and have transactions with a Minister of the Crown.'

What *The Times* was unable to report was the comment made by a police officer to Johnson: "Fancy fining you a fiver for throwing an egg at that bastard, when these bomb-banners who 'sit down' and kick us about get away with a quid or two'."

Paul Davidson had earlier been fined 40s. on each of two charges of using insulting words and insulting behaviour. He also pleaded guilty under provocation, and told the magistrate: "The provocation was that a man whom Her Majesty's Governor recently described as 'the leader to darkness and death' should now be received in London by Her Majesty's Ministers."

The League's campaign of protest against the reception of Kenyatta began on the night before his arrival, when the words "Mau Mau H.Q." were painted on one door of the Colonial Office and "Hang Kenyatta - L.E.L." on another. The *Evening Standard*, without mentioning the League, reported on the Monday that the words "Hang Kenyatta" had also been painted at London Airport, where Kenyatta arrived on Monday Morning.

On Monday morning, a League team including Mr. Austen Brooks, Miss Rosine de Bouneville and three brothers of Paul Davidson, Michael, Peter and Francis, went to London Airport with a loudspeaker-van and a car with a loudhailer. By "tailing" Fenner Brockway, the Davidson brothers discovered that Kenyatta was to hold a Press conference in the Central Buildings at about 11.20. At that time, Rosine de Bouneville and Austen Brooks drove past the Press conference centre room, broadcasting through the loudhailer: "The League of Empire Loyalists denounces Jomo Kenyatta as a Mau Mau mass murderer. We condemn the Government for shaking hands with murder by negotiating with this evil leader of the vile Mau Mau conspiracy." When the Kanu delegation left the airport the League's loudspeaker van followed, repeating this message to people along the route.

Kenyatta and the delegation were taken to the Cumberland Hotel, by Marble Arch, where they stayed during their visit. On Monday afternoon, residents and visitors taking tea in the lounge were astonished when Austen Brooks, escorted by Rosine de Bouneville, Avril Walters, Martin Webster and the Davidson brothers, walked straight past the security men guarding the hotel and broadcast to them through the loudhailer: "The League of Empire Loyalists warns you that you are sharing this hotel with the Mau Mau mass murderer Jomo Kenyatta. We condemn the Government for negotiating with the evil leader of the vile Mau Mau cult."

On Monday evening, a "guy" of Kenyatta was paraded up and down outside the Cumberland Hotel by a League team.

Several newspapers on Tuesday reported parts of the League's demonstrations, but only the *Daily Telegraph* gave the League credit for them. Wednesday's demonstrations, however, successfully broke through this "silence barrier", being reported by nearly every evening and morning newspaper.

A few minutes before 10 O'clock, Kenyatta arrived at the Colonial Office in a taxi. Smugly he posed for Press photographers. The smugness vanished when an egg burst on his chest and Paul Davidson's denunciation rang in his ears. He hurried into the building as Davidson was escorted away by very far from hostile police.

On leaving the Colonial Office at noon, Kenyatta wasted less time hanging about on the pavement, but Derek Johnson moved as quickly. His egg bounced from Kenyatta to Tom Mboya before bursting on the pavement. Kenyatta scuttled into his taxi. As it drove away, an Australian Loyalist in the crowd shouted

through the window at him: "Have you had your goat's entrails this morning, you filthy Mau Mau beast?"

At 2.30 on Wednesday afternoon, nearly 100 journalists were assembled in the Kent Suite of the Ecclestone Hotel, waiting for Kenyatta's Press conference to open. In the front row sat Avril Walters. A minute of two before Kenyatta's arrival, two Special Branch officers approached her. "I'm sorry, Avril," said one of them, "but we'll have to ask you to leave."

This, she decided, was no time to go quietly, and she argued to such good effect that she was still arguing when Kenyatta entered and went to the table. Avril Walters made a dash towards him, aiming a blow at his face as she did so. One of the Special Branch men caught her arm preventing her blow from landing. Wrenching her arm free, she made contact with a second blow before being escorted out, to be interviewed by reporters and news cameramen. She was also warmly congratulated by residents of the hotel.

Later that evening, a Press photographer took pictures of Avril Walters, Paul Davidson and Derek Johnson with the "guy" of Kenyatta, which was then burned within a few yards of the site of Tyburn Tree, close to the Cumberland Hotel.

Swarms of uniformed and plain-clothes police managed to prevent any demonstration by Loyalists when Kenyatta arrived at the Colonial Office on Friday morning, but at the Ecclestone Hotel on Friday afternoon Wing-Commander Young - who had booked a room at the hotel - penetrated another Press conference to hurl the parcel of sheep's entrails at Kenyatta, and bring the League's series of demonstrations to a climax. Mboya and other Africans around Kenyatta - who himself seized a stick in panic - went berserk. They hurled themselves at "Michael" Young, throwing him over chairs to the floor at the back of the room. Then they dragged him, still shouting his protests against the visit of the Mau Mau murderer, to the door of the hotel, where police took over. During the hour or so that he remained with the police - until they were relieved of the distasteful duty of guarding the Mau mau leader - he was treated with the greatest courtesy and friendliness.

On Saturday, the *Daily Herald* announced that Kenyatta had scored a "triumph" by forcing Maudling to accede to his demands. The announcement, however was in a headline in small type tucked away in a middle page. The League's successful demonstrations had ensured that a "banner" headline announcing Kenyatta's "triumph" would have been too ridiculous for even the *Herald* to contemplate.

BOYCOTT

THE

Daily Mail

What chance did whites Gary Dobson and David Norris have of a fair trial for their alleged role in the murder of black Stephen Lawrence?

Thanks in a very large part to the role played by the *Daily Mail* (and other anti-white low lifes too numerous to mention) absolutely NONE!

Innocent until proven guilty. Not according to the self-appointed guardians of British justice at the *Mail*. What was the banner headline above photographs of 5 young white men including Dobson and Norris on the front page in 1997? "MURDERERS".

BLACKLIST GOODS THEY ADVERTISE



Fr. Coughlin in Action

The following review by **Peter Rushdon** first appeared in issue 45 of *Heritage and Destiny* Issue 45. July - Sept 2011 (See back page of this issue for contact details).

Since the early 1960's we have become used to regarding the Christian churches as part of the seemingly inexorable movement for the liberal transformation of Western societies into deracinated multiculturalism. While priests (and even archbishops) can always be relied on for vague nostrums about poverty, you will look in vain to any 21st century church leaders for a systematic assault on the causes of our decline, or for a clear stand against the depredations of international financial capital or the soul-rotting corruption of the mass entertainment media.

It was not always so. In 1930's America a Roman Catholic priest, Father Charles Coughlin, led a mass movement that could stage rallies of 150,000 people, while reaching an audience of 30 million Americans via his weekly radio broadcasts. In this pre-internet age, Fr. Coughlin still managed to distribute the most radical of political messages to a mass audience, calling *inter alia* for nationalism of the Federal Reserve, monetary reform and for the U.S. to stay out of the incipient European war. While the White House plotted with Churchill to tilt American policy against the Axis and ultimately into war, Fr. Coughlin's slogan remained consistent with the Jeffersonian ideal of the Constitution's Founding Fathers: "Less care for internationalism and more concern for national prosperity."

This DVD is transferred from a VHS tape produced many years ago by Dr. Edward Fields, editor of *The Thunderbolt* and *The Truth at Last*. Consequently allowances have to be made both for the variable quality of the original 1930's newsreel material and for thirty-year old editing technology. Nevertheless the clarity of Fr. Coughlin's message shines through, and the sheer scale of the movement he was able to mobilise will astonish modern viewers.

Born in Canada to Irish immigrant parents in 1891, Fr. Coughlin moved to the USA in 1923 and became a parish priest in the city of Royal Oak, a suburb of Detroit, Michigan. Within a few years his dynamic ministry enabled the construction of an enormous Art Deco church, the Church of the Little Flower (named after the French Carmelite nun St. Therese of Lisieux and designated in 1998 by the U.S. Bishops' Conference as one of only five "National Shrines").

In 1926 he began broadcasting on the Detroit radio station WJR (which still exists today), and his show was soon nationally networked by CBS. When the network tried to bring him into line with corporate policy, Fr. Coughlin refused to toe the line and raised funds to build his own radio network. This quickly achieved an enormous nationwide audience, so large that a special post office had to be constructed in Royal Oak to cope with the volume of mail to Fr. Coughlin from his listeners.

Though his message now seems remarkably radical (given the abandonment of Catholic tradition by the Second Vatican Council in 1962-65), Fr. Coughlin's approach to political and financial questions was rooted in a papal encyclical *Rerum Novarum*, coincidentally issued in 1891, the year of his birth. Subtitled "Rights and Duties of Capital and Labour", *Rerum Novarum* was an attempt by Pope Leo XIII to address the dual challenges of capitalism and socialism. It was influenced by the Archbishop of Westminster, Cardinal Manning, who had supported the London dock strikers while resisting liberalism and Marxism, and the legacy of *Rerum Novarum* can be seen a century later in Catholic politicians as varied as American conservative Pat Buchanan and Labour left winger Jon Cruddas.

While condemning class conflict, *Rerum Novarum* taught that: "...the rich must religiously refrain from cutting down the workmen's earnings, whether by force, by fraud, or by usurious dealing; and with all the greater reason because the labouring man is, as a rule, weak and unprotected, and because his slender means should in proportion to their scantiness be accounted sacred."

As Fr. Coughlin was building his Michigan ministry, New York Governor Al Smith became the first ever Catholic candidate for the U.S. Presidency, gaining the Democratic nomination in 1928. Smith's rhetoric echoed *Rerum Novarum* and prefigured Fr. Coughlin's later campaigns for social justice, describing rampant capitalism as: "the caveman's law, the law of the sharpest tooth, the angriest brow, and the greediest maw."

This message was premature, and Smith suffered a landslide defeat at the hands of free market capitalism's champion, Republican President Herbert Hoover. Yet within a year capitalism's critics were vindicated by the Wall Street Crash. Fr. Coughlin came to the fore, strongly endorsing the campaign of the 1932 Democratic candidate, Al Smith's successor as New York Governor Franklin Roosevelt. Coughlin's slogans "Roosevelt or Ruin" and "The New Deal is Christ's Deal" were eagerly taken up by Democratic Party leaders, and helped Roosevelt gain an estimated 86% of the Catholic vote in his 1932 landslide.

Yet Fr. Coughlin soon discovered that the new President was keen to accommodate finance capital rather than challenge its hegemony. Even Roosevelt's most prominent Catholic supporters, such as Joseph Kennedy (father of the future President) and Cardinal Spellman were essentially corrupt establishment figures. He was fortunate that for several years his own immediate superior, Bishop Gallagher of Detroit, refused to silence him, but after Gallagher's death in 1937 Fr. Coughlin's position became more difficult. The American Catholic hierarchy decided to raise Detroit's status, appointing the future Cardinal Edward Mooney as its first Archbishop.

Archbishop Mooney allied himself with Frank Murphy, the pro-Roosevelt Governor of Michigan, who was one of the most powerful Catholic politicians in America, and whose loyal service to the political establishment was rewarded by appointment as U.S. Attorney General in 1939, and to the U.S. Supreme Court in 1940. While Fr. Coughlin was often accused of anti-semitism, Murphy was the ultimate philo-semitic Catholic, pioneering Holocaustianity as founding chairman of the National Committee Against Nazi Persecution and Extermination of the Jews in 1944.

In 1935 Fr. Coughlin had seemed in a strong position to organise a challenge to Roosevelt, working to build the Union Party alongside two other radical leaders featured at the start of this DVD, Louisiana Governor Huey Long and fire-and-brimstone Protestant preacher Gerald L.K. Smith. Their political movement had the potential to transcend our facile notions of "left" and "right", but was derailed when Long was assassinated in the Baton Rouge Capitol building by a Jewish doctor, Carl Weiss.

Without Long's coordinating political strategy, and with Roosevelt craftily appropriating some of their ideas, the Union Party failed to make a decisive impact at the 1936 election. Roosevelt pressed on with his project to bind the U.S. into internationalist projects, including the coming world war. When Fr. Coughlin continued to denounce these moves, he found that radio stations that broadcast his phenomenally popular weekly show were targeted by a Jewish advertising boycott. A few days later before the outbreak of World War II Fr. Coughlin's broadcast warned: "It is either Christian Social Justice or pagan social decay!"

During 1939-40 the pressure increased with investigations by the Justice Department that threatened to close down Fr. Coughlin's publication *Social Justice* and the arrest of some of his leading supporters in the Christian Front. Reluctantly Fr. Coughlin accepted the instructions of his Church hierarchy. He returned to parish life, though continuing to issue anti-communist tracts until his death aged 88 in 1979, and opposing the disaster that befell his Church during the 1960's. Soon after his retirement in 1966 Fr. Coughlin reflected in an interview: "I could have bucked the Government and won - the people would have supported me. But I didn't have the heart left, for my Church had spoken. It was my duty to follow, for disobedience is a great sin." Despite his ultimate obedience, this DVD allows Fr. Coughlin to speak again!



Fr. Coughlin in Action

To Order your copy of this inspiring DVD please send £8.00 incl. P&P - cheque's/Crossed Postal Orders, etc. payable to *The A.K. Chesterton Trust*. Outside U.K. Please add 30% for airmail and send payment by secure post in £ notes, \$ bills, Euro Monopoly money, to: **BM Candour, London, WC1N 3XX, England.**

Percy Grainger and his 'blue-eyed' Music

A look at an Anglo-Saxon composer whose best works are hardly ever played,
containing some information which perhaps explains why

In 1983, *Instauration* carried some comments on Spielberg's film, *E.T.* The reviewer asked plaintively, "Instead of having a crummy little worm come down to us from heaven or outer space or wherever, why not a visit from a lovely Nordic princess?" The question is rhetorical and the answer obvious, given the allegiances of today's cultural arbiters. Five decades earlier, though, Americans were blessed with just such a visitation. The venue was the Hollywood Bowl, where in August 1928, the brilliant Australian virtuoso and composer Percy Grainger conducted a series of concerts described by his biographer as "orgiastic riots of Nordicism."¹

While some of the works performed then are still relatively familiar, others have since been relegated to a predictable obscurity -- censored into oblivion, like Howard Hanson's *Nordic Symphony, Op. 21*.²

The climax of the series was the concert's finale on August 9. In the intermission and before a capacity audience of 23,000, Percy Grainger was joined in an elaborate marriage ceremony to the serenely beautiful Swedish poetess and artist, Ella Strom. His wedding gift to his bride took pride of place as the last item in the program: a wistful piece called *To a Nordic Princess*.

Grainger was then at the height of his popular acclaim. Born in Melbourne in July 1882, he was the only son of John and Rose Grainger. Father John was a prominent architect and talented painter, a heavy drinker and a notorious philander. Shortly after the birth of his child, he infected his golden-haired wife with syphilis. By 1890, suffering from alcohol and nicotine poisoning, he was packed off to England for a rest cure. From then on Rose supported herself and her son by giving piano lessons.

Percy was her best pupil. Apart from three months of formal schooling, he was entirely home-taught. By the age of twelve, when he held his first concert series, Melbourne's music lovers were so taken by the handsome young prodigy that a benefit concert ensued, the proceeds of which enabled him to continue his musical studies at Frankfurt-am-Main.

LIONISED

By the turn of the century he was ready to launch his career in London, where he performed a series of recitals to boisterous acclaim. His popularity was assured when, in 1903, he toured Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, playing always to packed houses. On his return to London he was "lionised" by the old and new aristocracies, and guaranteed a successful career as a society pianist.

There were greater depths, however, to Percy Grainger, and his contemporary musicians were quick to recognise his many-sided genius. Conductor Sir Charles Villiers Stanford featured him as a soloist, and he played frequently under the baton of his friend, Hans Richter. Edvard Grieg admired his piano virtuosity above that of all others. Sir Thomas Beecham asked Percy to become his assistant conductor. Richard Strauss introduced the young Australian's compositions to Germany. Several tours of Europe and Scandinavia were completed, always to packed houses -- and for royal command performances in Norway. A life of



George Percy Aldridge Grainger
8 July 1882 - 20 February 1961

honours and rewards were his for the taking. There were only two obstacles to a highly successful lifetime career: his high moral principles and the period in which he lived.

From the age of four or five, Rose had introduced her son to the Icelandic sagas, which always remained his favourite reading. Among other works, the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, Hans Christian Andersen and Freeman's *History of the Norman Conquest* were read aloud to him daily. Years later he wrote, "Out of the Freeman book the Battle of Hastings had become (& still is) an acute personal tragedy. My duty as a composer seemed clear: to turn back, in my music, the tide of the Hastings battle, by celebrating all seemingly Old English (Anglo-Saxon) & Norse characteristics, by ignoring, as far as possible, all seemingly Norman traits & influences & those derived from the civilisation of the Roman Empire."³ Such was to be his mission.

Percy was interested in those periods of history when the Nordic racial influence was strongest, and his faith in the abilities of the Nordic race was confirmed by experiences in the world

beyond his immediate home. He came to believe that the separation of races was a certain guarantee against race riots. In 1903 he visited Brisbane, which he found to be "Full of Chinese, Kanakas, & worse still, ½ breeds.... To let lower races in in itself shows weakness in the stock; folk must be clean mad after the example of the USA & all past history, to beckon in coloured & lower-race work into a land that as yet has no race-hatreds or wars within itself, & need have none."⁴

RELATED MUSIC TO RACE

Percy was convinced that racial characteristics were a crucial determinant of cultural creativity and concluded that the output of blue-eyed composers excelled that of others. Many years later he tried to prove his theory by photographing the irises of his leading contemporaries.

While studying at the Hoch Conservatorium he noticed that the most brilliant students there were Anglo-Saxons and Scandinavians. He felt sure that the era of German musical domination was ending, "that a period of English-speaking and Scandinavian leadership in musical originality lay just ahead."⁵ There is little doubt that he saw himself as one of the leaders of this renaissance.

When it became obvious that the white world was to be manoeuvred into another internecine war, he considered the coming conflagration in purely racial and cultural terms. He had little sympathy with the Germans, believing that a German victory would threaten the smaller Nordic cultures of Denmark and the Low Countries. Furthermore, Germans were to his mind the least Nordic of the Teutonic peoples. Actually, his opinion of all Europeans -- other than the Dutch and Danes -- was low: "Europeans are neither gentle nor fighters. They are merely riffraff (cheap white trash) for the most part."⁶

A pacifist and nursing a burning ambition to become Australia's first major composer, Grainger had no wish to die in the trenches. In September 1914 he and Rose left for New York. Eighteen years later he wrote, "I know that my music will bring more honour to Australia than any soldier-work I could have done in British armies."⁷

The British reacted strongly against those in their empire who were not zealous and dedicated partisans of warfare with arrests, internments, vicious personal attacks and mindless vilification. Hans Richter, for one, was so contemptuously vilified that he returned his honorary musical doctorates to Oxford and Manchester Universities. Even in New York, Percy was not immune. In England, private and public attacks were made on him, his works were dropped from most concert programs, and many friends and acquaintances flatly refused to answer or acknowledge his letters.

UNDENIABLE GENIUS

Whatever slanders were put about, though, his musical genius was undeniable. By March 1915, he had played to thunderous applause and jubilant critical acclaim in both New York and Boston. In the same season he stormed Minneapolis, Philadelphia and Chicago. When Woodrow Wilson dragged yet another predominantly Nordic nation into the European carnage, in an impetuous moment Percy enlisted as a saxophonist with the 15th Band of the Coast Artillery Corps, subsequently taking out American citizenship.

At the end of World War I, Percy resumed his career as a pianist, largely in order to finance his dream of producing a series of concerts consisting entirely of what he termed "Blue-Eyed" music -- relevant compositions by Anglo-Saxons and Scandinavians.

Having always been avidly interested in folk music, Percy completed an arrangement of a Morris Dance tune, *Country Gardens*. This was to be his greatest public hit, selling 35,000

copies annually for over twenty years. Royalties from his compositions earned \$10,000 to \$15,000 a year. He gave three command performances at the White House.

Nevertheless, the slander and vilification that followed him from England never completely died away. To the old malice was added jealousy -- envy of his success, his winning ways with women, his musical brilliance. For his outspokenly open racialism and anti-Semitism he also earned the hatred of those who never forgive and never forget. His enemies were determined to have their pound of flesh, first personally and then professionally.

Percy's relationship with Rose had always been unusually intense and emotionally intimate. They loved each other as few mothers and sons ever have. She was the one centre of stability in his life -- friend, comrade, business partner and devoted manager. But by 1922 Rose was a physical and mental wreck, partly as a result of tertiary syphilis. (Fear of passing on the contagion had caused her to employ a nurse for the first five years of Percy's life, in order to minimize physical contact.)

A tragically false rumour was deliberately circulated in New York, alleging that their relationship was incestuous. Insulted, disgusted, at her wit's end and physically decrepit, Rose died in a fall from the 18th floor of Manhattan's Aeolian Building. The police report stated that she either jumped or fell.

Percy was so devastated he thought of suicide. Perhaps it was only the memory of Rose's belief in his greatness and his mission that kept him alive. He plunged himself more deeply into his work, giving up most of his social life. Very soon he began to look years older. He survived, but he never got over the bitter personal loss.

He also suffered financially from Rose's death. Left on his own, he was a poor financial manager, giving away his money as fast as he earned it. He supported at least nine people, and was a lavish benefactor of musical causes and other charities. Even more financially injurious was his inability to deal with the shystering tactics of the musical establishment. From the moment that they were guaranteed a princely income from *Country Gardens*, his main publishers, Schott and Schirman, contrived to let his other music go rapidly out of print. By printing a small and shabby initial run, they could limit his outlets as a composer, and then claim with circular logic that the composition had not sold well enough to justify keeping it in print. In that way, his most serious and ambitious works were denied a hearing, with the result that many came to think of him as the author of only a few lightweight and extroverted piano pieces.

The new medium of disc recordings should have ensured the livelihood of a pianist-composer whose genius was universally acknowledged. But Percy's first contract, with Columbia, was exclusive and gave the company final say over which works would be issued. Inevitably, they selected his performances of the works of other composers, almost never his own compositions. This unhappy practice continued after he had negotiated a new contract with Jack Kapp of Decca Records. His mature works were ignored. In 1950 he and Leopold Stokowski collaborated on an RCA recording of those ebullient early works that had never been allowed to find an audience. As a result, Columbia asked him to conduct a recording of some of his other compositions. RCA blocked the proposal.

Percy continued to compose, to rearrange earlier works and to adapt folk songs, but all outlets for his serious works had been effectively closed by what amounted to a publishing and recording embargo, which he was powerless to end. His later years were largely spent on the establishment of the Grainger Museum at the University of Melbourne, and in experimenting with gliding sound effects not unlike those heard in some recent electronic music.

PURIFICATION OF ENGLISH

Retaining his early interest in linguistics, which had made him fluent in at least six European and Scandinavian languages, he never lost interest in his old ideal of English language reform. Believing that his mother tongue was corrupted by too many Southern European influences, he tried to create a modern form of the language, purged of non-native elements. He even engaged a full-time research assistant to help with this "Blue-Eyed English," of which the following is a sample: "I have always believed in the wish-for-ableness of building up a mainly Anglo-Saxon-Scandinavian kind of English in which all but the most un-do-withoutable of the French-begotten, Latin-begotten and Greek-begotten words should be side-stepped & in which the bulk of the put-together words should be wilfully & own-up-to-ly hot-house-grown out of Nordic word-seeds."⁸

In February 1960, in White Plains, Percy died of abdominal cancer. His lovely Nordic Princess Ella was beside him. At the very last, Grieg's 1907 comment may have been fulfilled: "Like a god he is lifted above all suffering, all struggle."⁹

To the end he pathetically tried to bring and keep Nordic music before the public, driving his sick body beyond its limits in the attempt..

Percy Grainger's crusade was a failure. His compositions are seldom played outside Australia, and even there it is only the light, exuberant work of his youth that is heard. Very few of his serious compositions have ever been recorded. Most of those Nordic composers whom he admired, befriended or helped have suffered a similar treatment -- Grieg and Delius being the only real exceptions. The Grainger Museum in Melbourne keeps his flame burning to some extent, although it is starved of funds; and the University of Illinois has had the initiative to issue private recordings of some of his compositions. A few younger pianists and composers have recently begun to "rediscover" him, but hardly anyone interested in folk or medieval music, in the revival of both of which he played a crucial role, has even heard his name.

A suitable epitaph for Percy Grainger may be written one day. In the interim, we could do worse than heed the words of Dr. Kaare Nygaard, his American physician: "Of course he was a genius -- whatever that actually means. Among many other things he also impressed me as being almost a human Saint."¹⁰ We can perhaps hope that if and when our culture is liberated from its cacophonous occupiers, the unrecorded and unperformed music of his maturity will delight the ears of those for whom it was written and from whom it has been withheld to these many years by those whose favourite instrument is the drum.

NOTES

¹ Bird, John, *Percy Grainger* (Melbourne: Sun Books, 1982; first published London: Paul Elek, 1976), p.199.

² Howard Hanson. Born 28/10/1896. Won the Prix de Rome, 1921. Inaugurated the American Composers Concerts at Rochester. Member of the Royal Swedish Academy of Music and the American Institute of Arts and letters. Won Pulitzer Prize, 1944; Ditson Award, 1945; and George Foster Peabody Award, 1946.

³ Bird, p. 11.

⁴ Dreyfus, Kay, (Editor), *The Farthest North of Humanness: Letters of Percy Grainger 1901-14* (Melbourne: Macmillan, 1985), p. 25.

⁵ *Australian Journal of Music Education*, No. 18. April 1976, cited in Dunstan, Keith, *Ratbags* (Melbourne: Sun Books, 1980), p. 233.

⁶ Dreyfus, p. 434.

⁷ Dreyfus, p. 529.

⁸ Bird, p. 196.

⁹ Grieg, Edvard, *Diary*, 5 August 1907, cited in Dunstan, p. 217.

¹⁰ Bird, p. 249.

Instauration

Was published from December 1975 until February 2000.

The publisher Wilmot Robertson died in 2005.

A massive project is underway called **Instauration Online** - The Authorized Online Edition of Wilmot Robertson's **Instauration Magazine**.

The magnificent website is available at:
instaurationonline.com

OUR NATIONAL SONGS 1

"And the load of their loveless pity is worse than the ancient wrongs,

Their doors are shut in the evening and they know no songs."

The Secret People
G.K. Chesterton

G.K. was writing of our enemies but sadly the same can be said to apply to most of us. Where possible, either in *Candour* or the accompanying *Extra*, I shall print the words to a song(s). I intend to learn the words to each by heart, and hope that you will do the same. This largely suggested itself to me after reading an article on New Years Eve which showed almost no-one knows the words to *Auld Lang Syne*. Please send your own suggestions.

Heart of Oak

Come cheer up, my lads! 'Tis to glory we steer,
To add something more to this wonderful year;
To honour we call you, not press you like slaves,
For who are so free as the sons of the waves?

Chorus

*Heart of oak are our ships, heart of oak are our men;
We always are ready, steady, boys, steady!
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.*

We ne'er see our foes but we wish them to stay,
They never see us but they wish us away;
If they run, why we follow, and run them ashore,
For if they won't fight us, we cannot do more.

Chorus

They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes,
They frighten our women, our children, and beaux;
But should their flat bottoms in darkness get o'er,
Still Britons they'll find to receive them on shore.

Chorus

We'll still make them fear, and we'll still make them flee,
And drub 'em on shore, as we've drubbed 'em at sea;
Then cheer up, my lads! with one heart let us sing;
Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen and Queen.

Chorus

The official march of the Royal Navy. Music by Dr. William Boyce (1711-1779). The English words were written by the famous actor David Garrick (1716-1779) in 1759.

USEFUL INFORMATION

INCONVENIENT HISTORY

This is a must see REVISIONIST internet site available free at: www.inconvenienthistory.com If you do not have a computer at home you can go to your local library where they should have computers that you can use for free and ask them to show you how it works. There will be some sites that are "unavailable" and that will possibly be because of censorship. Also Milton, a *Candour* subscriber, informs me you can use headphones. Please take the opportunity and make use, where you can, of a great institution. The British PUBLIC LIBRARY.

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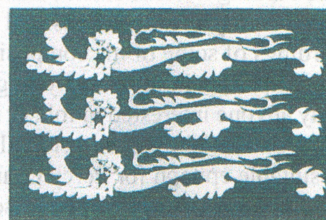
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Candour Extra

Subscribers Only

Jan 2012

New Year Greetings

On behalf of myself and the *Candour/AK Chesterton Trust* Webmaster I would like to take this belated opportunity to wish all of our subscribers a Happy and Prosperous 2012.

Please take note of these wise words applicable to all of us from Enver Hoxha's New Year message to the Albanian people for 1967:

"This year will be harder than last year. On the other hand, it will be easier than next year..."

Colin Todd
Editor

Farewell Dr. Kevan Bleach. Candour

It was with great sadness and shock that I heard of the death from cancer of Kevan at the age of 59. Kevan died peacefully on July 12, 2011. Our condolences to his widow Sue, his children and grandchildren.

Eternal rest grant unto him, O Lord and let perpetual light shine upon him.

Requiescat in pace.

When Kevan was 16 his mother called at the home of Miss. Rosine de Bounevalle, (then Editor of *Candour*) they lived in the same Hampshire village, Liss Forest, and asked if her son may visit. If I remember rightly Kevan had seen a local newspaper report about the "British extremist" who lived nearby. Kevan was intrigued and his mother was sent on her mission! With her permission he visited Miss. De Bounevalle and so began a lifelong friendship and comradeship. Kevan was to make a vast contribution to nationalism and *Candour* in particular and was Rosine's mainstay for many years.

Kevan was a born teacher and his Doctorate was in Education.

All Kevan had told me via email over the past year was that he had a 'bad back'.

In the week before I heard the news from Sue I received a parcel from Kevan. It contained his last article for *Candour* which appears in this issue bylined PRO PATRIA, 2 CD's of the music of Percy Grainger I had asked his advice about and some very deep and insightful comments about *Candour* and our future...

Farewell Rodney Legg. LEL

"In the mid-1960's, both Conservative and Labour party conferences were occasionally disrupted by a determined adolescent figure with a Union flag, shouting slogans such as "Empire Loyalists say this is the flag which stands for British loyalty - not the red flag of Communist tyranny" and "Empire Loyalists say Stand by the White Man in Rhodesia".

That figure was Rodney Legg, who remained active in the league for some seven years." So began Rodney Legg's obituary with photo in the *Daily Telegraph*. There was also a lengthy 'obit' in the *Guardian*.

I must emphasise that the obituaries were not solely because of Mr. Legg's involvement with the LEL! Rather they were because of his tireless work in a linked variety of areas.

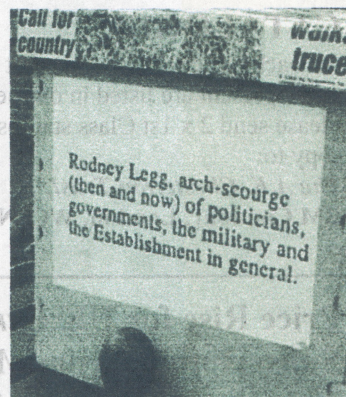
Rodney was a environmental campaigner before it was fashionable. He fought to achieve public access to hundreds of miles of illegally blocked public footpaths, his main target being the National Trust of which he was a vocal member! He was Chairman of the Open Spaces Society from 1989 to 2009 and famous/infamous for his eccentricities.

A prolific writer his main passion and speciality was Dorset. Toting wire-cutters and secateurs he sawed and sliced his way along blocked or overgrown paths. A truly worthy life.....

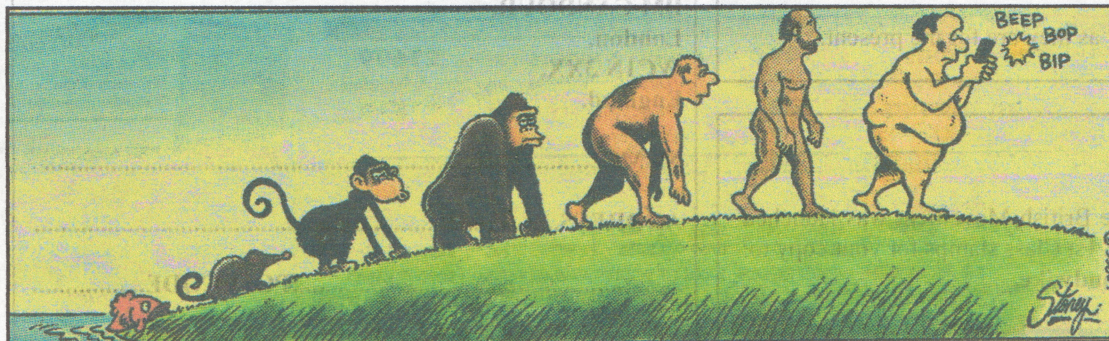
Rodney Legg was 64 years old.



Kevan Bleach



Rodney Legg. This great message was attached to Rodney's bio-degradable coffin!



Too much reliance on technology = disaster. Look at how quickly our young people have been trained to behave like negroids

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CANDOUR

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A.K. Chesterton
in 1953

To serve as a link between Britons all over the world in protest against the surrender of
their world heritage

Back Issues List 2011/12



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Miss Rosine de Bounvialle (1916-1999)



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The Rest of the World will increase to £35.00 for 10 issues from March 31st also.

USA and Europe will stay as they are for the present.

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CANDOUR DIAMOND JUBILEE NEXT YEAR! 60th Anniversary 2013!

Candour has staggered on over the last decade and more since the death of Miss. Rosine de Bounvialle on Christmas Eve 1999 (Editor 1974-1999). At the John Tyndall Memorial Meeting in Preston last year where the AK Chesterton Trust had a stall I had a rare opportunity to meet subscribers I had not met before. One came up to me and said, "Good magazine, pity it only appears once a year..." Ouch... but true.

No excuses. Must try harder.

On the plus side the *Candour* Webmaster continues to do a marvelous job with our Website (visit www.candour.org.uk). Over a couple of years the site has been visited by more than 5,000 people. People we would *never* have reached otherwise. (5,248 I am informed at the time of printing!).

The 8-page *Candour Back Issues List* is now available (see left) and the first two booklets of 24 pages each in *The AK Chesterton Trust Reprint Series* are available:

No. 1. Creed of a Fascist Revolutionary & Why I left Mosley. By AK Chesterton M.C.

No. 2. The Menace of World Government & Britain's Graveyard. By AK Chesterton M.C.

With *Candour's* 60th Anniversary next year, your help and support, and the knowledge of the sacrifices made by AK and Rosine I *really* must do better....

FEEDBACK

Criticism of the constructive and positive kind is always welcome. As are articles, cartoons, items we can add to our extensive reference library or sell on (old nationalist books, magazines and similar items always gratefully received), etc.

Donations

As you will have seen the latest issue of *Candour* has stretched itself to 10 pages instead of 8. Add another 2 pages for this EXTRA and this is almost a DOUBLE ISSUE....

That *Candour* should mark 60 years in the struggle in 2013 is not down to extraordinary business acumen (certainly not!) but the sacrifice of a very few of our number, usually those who can least afford it, who dig deep and keep us going with their donations.

NEVER BEFORE have the enemies of ALL Britons been so arrogant, smug or over-confident of success.

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